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NUMBER 6.

## POETRY.

### A Gray Night.

One shadow slides from the dumb shore  
And one from every silent sail.  
One cloud the averted heavens wear—  
A soft mask, thin and frail.

Oh! silver is the lessening rain  
And yellow was the weary drouth!  
The reef her warning finger puts  
Upon the harbor's mouth.

Her thin, wan finger, stiff and stark,  
She holds by night, the holds by day.  
Ask, if you will. No answer makes  
The soubre guarded bay.

The fleet, with idle canvas hung,  
Like a brute life sleeps patiently.  
The headlights not across the cliff,  
The fog blows out to sea.

There is no color on the tide.  
No color on the passive sky,  
Across the beach a safe, small sound—  
The grass-hid cricket's cry.

And through the dusk I hear the keels  
Of home-bound boats grate low and sweet,  
O happy lights, I cannot see,  
Leap out the sound to greet!

O tender arms, I cannot touch,  
Gather and garner while ye may!  
The morrow knoweth God. Ye know  
Your own are yours to-day.

I bless you, sitting here alone;  
I bless you, sitting in the gray.  
For pain and passion pass at last,  
As tide ebbs down the bay.

And all the colors of the day,  
And colors of the night, are one.  
Content, they blend to weave the veil  
That hides the setting sun.

## STORY TELLER.

### HIS LAST CHRISTMAS.

It was very strange, thought old Joseph Golding, that he couldn't be master of his own mind. He had lived a great many years, and neither remorse nor memory had ever been in the habit of disturbing him; but it now seemed as if the very foundations of his life were breaking up. He was well through with his day's work—he had chined comfortably—he sat in an easy chair in a luxurious drawing-room, whose crimson hangings shut out the stiff cold of a December afternoon—he had nothing to do but to enjoy himself. Mr. Golding liked to enjoy himself at this season as much as others did, for it was Christmas eve. What though he was in the habit of spending it solitary?—he liked solitude. Perhaps because nothing more lively came in his way, and he was too shy and proud to look for it. For many a year on Christmas eve he had sat balancing in his mind the great accounts presented in his ledger, the accumulating coffers at his banker's, the strokes of business he would make in future. Not so now. The year was drawing to a close; some intruding voice kept whispering that in like manner so was his career. He could not put it from him, try as he would. The voice reminded him of a coming time when his life's work would all be done—even as his day's work was all done now—when he would be ready to sit down in the evening and look over the balance sheet of his deeds, good and evil. Curiously the old days came trooping in slow procession before him. And he had been able to forget them for so very long!

His dead wife. He had not loved her much when she was with him, but how vivid was his memory of her now! He could see her moving round the house, noiseless as a shadow, never intruding on him after he had once or twice repulsed her gruffly, but going on in her own meek, still ways, with her face growing whiter every day. He began to understand, as he looked back, why her strength had failed; and she had been ready, when her baby came to float into the tide and let it drift her into God's haven. She had had enough to eat and to drink, but he saw now that he had left her heart to starve. Heaven! what a hard man he had been! He seemed to see her white, still face, as he looked at it the last time before they were parted. He saw her with the dumb reproach frozen on it; the eyes that would never plead vainly any more, closed forever.

He recalled how passionately the three days-old baby cried in another room just at that moment, moving all the people gathered together for the funeral with a thrill of pity for the poor little motherless morsel. She was a passionate, wilful baby, all through her babyhood; he remembered that. She wanted—missed without knowing what the lack was—the love and sustenance which her mother would have given her, and protested against fate with all the might of her infant lungs. But as soon as she grew old enough to understand how useless it was, she had grown quiet, too; just like her mother. He recalled her all through her childhood, a shy, still girl, always obedient and submissive, but never drawing very near him. Why? Because he would have repulsed her as he repulsed her mother. He

could see it now. It was very strange that these facts should come back to him to-day, and their naked truth with them. He had been a cold, hard, ungenial man, without sympathy for any human being; absorbed utterly in the pursuit of money-making. And so the child, Amy, had grown up in shadow without him.

But suddenly, when she was eighteen, the old, passionate spirit that had made her cry so when a baby must have awakened again, he thought; for she fell in love then, and wished to marry—to marry in defiance of his wishes. He remembered her standing proudly before him after one of their quarrels, where he had been harsh and bitter, and abusive of the man she wanted to call her husband. She had borne in silence, reproach of herself, but not of him who had become to her as her best existence. Her words came back to the old man now.

"Father, do you know anything against Harry Church?"

"Yes," he answered, wrathfully; "I know that he is as poor as Job was when he sat among the ashes. He cannot keep a wife as a daughter of mine must be kept."

"Anything else, father?" looking him steadily in the eye.

"No, that's enough," he had thundered. "I'll tell you, besides, that if you will marry him you must lie in the bed you will make. My doors will never open to you again, never."

He met with a will as strong as his own, that time. She did marry him, and went away with him from her father's house. Mr. Golding had known the day the wedding was to take place, and disdained to stop it. He washed his hands of Harry Church, and of Amy, his wife. She wrote home, afterwards, over and over again, but Mr. Golding sent all the letters back unopened. Subsequent to that they disappeared from the town, and he had never heard what became of them. It was at least ten years ago now.

It seemed very strange that these things should have come back to-night to haunt him—and with a wild remorse, a pitying regret. He had done nothing to recall them. Could it be his sense of failing health that brought them?—if so, what sort of anguish might he not look for as he drew nearer and nearer to the ending? He began to wish that he knew what had been in those rejected letters—whether Amy had been suffering for anything that money could supply. The next thought that struck him was, why he had opposed the marriage so virulently. It is true Harry Church had been but a clerk in his own employment; but he was a well-educated gentleman, and would rise with time. Faithful, intelligent, persevering, respected, but poor. In that last word lay the head and front of Harry Church's offending. He, Joseph Golding, was rich then; he was far richer now; but he could not help asking it, what special good were his riches bringing him? He was an old man, the span of life running quickly on, and he was all alone. Who would take his gold then? He could not carry it along with him. All in a moment—he saw it clearly—the dreadful truth stood naked and bare; his life and his object had been mistaken ones.

"All alone! all alone!" he kept saying to himself, in a sort of vague self-pity.

"I've toiled and worked for nought!" But during this time, even now, as he sat there, a message of love was on its way to him. Perhaps Heaven had been preparing his heart to receive it! He heard a ring at the door-bell—heard it without paying attention to it. Rings were nothing to him; people did not come on business to his residence, and of visitors he expected none. Down went his head lower and lower with its weight of thought.

Meanwhile two people were admitted in the hall below; a man and little girl. The man had the appearance of a staid, respectable servant. He took off the child's warm cloak and hood, and she stood revealed; a dainty, delicate creature of eight years old; her golden curls drooping softly round her face, with its large blue eyes and cherry lips. The admitting maid, not knowing what to make of this, called Mr. Golding's housekeeper, old Mrs. Osgood. The latter went into a tremor as she came forward and looked at the face.

"It's Miss Amy's child!" she exclaimed to the man, nervously. "I couldn't mistake the likeness."

"Miss Amy that was," he answered. "Mrs. Harry Church she has been this many a year."

"I know. It is as much as my place is worth to admit any child of her's here."

"You are Mrs. Osgood," exclaimed the little girl. "Mamma said I should be sure to see you."

"Hear the blessed lamb! And so she remembers me."

"She talks of you often; she says you were always kind to her; nobody but you loved her."

"Well I did love her. The old house has never been the same since she

went out of it. What's your name, pretty one?"

"Amy," repeated the housekeeper, lifting her hands, as if there was some wonder in it.

"And mamma said you would let me go up alone to grandpapa."

"And you shall," decided Mrs. Osgood, after a minute's hesitation. "I won't stand in the way of it, let master be as angry with me as he will. He is up in the drawing-room all by himself."

The man sat down to wait. And the child went up alone. Opening the door, she went softly in, not speaking; perhaps the stern old man, sitting there with bent head, awed her to silence. Joseph Golding, waking up from his deep reverie, saw a letter held out to him. He took it mechanically, supposing its messenger, hidden behind his large chair, was one of his waiting-maids. With a singular quickness of pulse he recognized his daughter's writing.

She had waited all these silent years, she told him, because she was determined never to write to him again until they were rich enough for him to know that she did not write for his need of his help. They had passed these ten years in the Indies, and Heaven had prospered them. Her husband was a rich man now, and she wanted from her father only his love—wanted only, that death should not come between them, and neither of them go to her mother's side without having been reconciled to the other.

"How did this come here?—who brought it?" demanded Mr. Golding, in his usual imperious manner.

"I did, grandpapa."

He sprang up at the soft, timid voice, as if some fright took him, and stared at the lovely vision, standing there like a spirit on his hearth-stone, with her white face and gleaming golden hair. Was it real? Where was he? who could this child be? But, as he looked, the likeness flashed upon him—and he grew hungry to clasp her to him. It was the little Amy of old days grown into beauty—for Amy had never been so wondrously fair as this.

"Come here, my child; don't be afraid. Tell me what your name is."

"Amy, grandpapa."

Another Amy! Grandpapa! He felt sobs rising up in his heart with a great flood of emotion; but he choked them back.

"What have they told you about me?" he rejoined, after a long pause. "Have they bid you hate me?"

"They always told me you were far away towards where the sun rose; and if I were good they would bring me to see you some day. Every night I say in my prayers, 'God bless papa and mamma, and God bless grandpapa.'"

"Why didn't they bring you? What made them let you come alone?"

"Mamma sent me with John to give you the letter," was the simple answer. "The carriage is at the gate waiting for me."

"Who is John?"

"Papa's servant."

"And—where are they staying?"

"At the hotel. We only got here this morning."

Mrs. Osgood, hovering in the hall, looked on in wonder. Her master was coming down stairs, calling for his coat and hat, and leading the child. He got into the carriage with her and it drove away. Mr. Golding was wondering vaguely whether it were real.

They arrived at last, and the child led him in, opening a door at the end of a long corridor. She spoke cheerfully.

"Mamma, here is grandpapa. He said he would come back with me."

Mr. Golding's head went off in a swim. Advancing weakness tells upon him in such moments as these. He sat down; and there were Amy's arms—his own Amy's—about his neck. Which of the two sobbed the most, could not be told. Why had he never known what he had lost through all those vanished years?

"Father, are we reconciled at last?"

"I don't know, my daughter, until you tell me whether you forgive me."

"There should be no talk about forgiveness," she said. "You went according to your own opinion of what was right. And perhaps I was to blame, too. Father, it is enough that God has brought us together in peace. I thought that no one could resist my little Amy, least of all, her grandpapa."

He looked up. The child stood by, silently, the fire light glittering on her golden hair, her face smiling strangely sweet. He put out his arms and drew her into them, close—where no child, not even his own, had ever nestled before. Oh, how much he had missed in life!—he knew it now. He felt her clinging hold around his neck—her kisses dropped upon his face like the pitying dew from heaven; and he—was it himself, or another soul in his place?

"Father, see."

Amy's voice had a full, cheerful ring in it. Her married life had been happy. Mr. Golding turned at the call.

"Here are Harry and the boys wait-

ing to speak to you," she said in a less assured tone.

He shook his son-in-law's hand heartily. Old fends, old things, were over now, and all was become new. In his heart, until that trouble came, he had always liked Harry Church. Then he looked at the boys, brave, merry little fellows, of whom he might be proud.

Explanations ensued. Fortune had favored Mr. Church—they had come back for good, and were already looking out for a house.

"No house but mine," interrupted Joseph Golding. "It will want a tenant when I am gone. You must come home to-morrow."

"To-morrow will be Christmas day," said his daughter, half doubtingly.

"All the better. If Christmas was never kept in my house, it shall be kept now. I shall not live to see another, Amy."

She looked up at the changed, thin face, and could not contradict him. Some one going out to the West Indies had told them how Joseph Golding was breaking; the news had caused them to hurry home prematurely. Amy said to her husband that if her father died, unreconciled to her, she should be full of remorse forever.

"You will come home to-morrow, all of you," repeated Mr. Golding.

"And mind, Amy, you do not go away again."

"But—if the children should be too much for you, father!"

"When they are I'll tell you," he said, with a touch of the former gruffness. "The old house is large enough."

He went out, and found his way to the shops—open to the last on Christmas eve in the old town—looking for Christmas gifts. New work for him—but he entered into it earnestly. Perambulating the streets like a bewildered Santa Claus, he went home laden with books, and toys, and jewels, and bon-bons. Mrs. Osgood lifted her hands, and thought the end of the world must be coming.

"Help me to put these things away, Osgood. Don't stare as if you were moonstruck. And, look here—there'll be company to dinner to-morrow. Mind you send in a good one."

"The best that was ever seen on a table, master—if it's for them I think it may be for."

"Well, it is. Miss Amy's coming home again."

"Heaven be praised, sir! The house has been but a dull one since she left it."

And they came. Amy and Amy's husband and the pretty boys were there; and, best of all, the sweet little girl with the golden hair, sitting next to grandpapa. It was too happy a party for loud mirth. And among them Joseph Golding saw, or fancied he saw, another face, over which, almost thirty years ago, he had watched the grave-sod piled—a face wistful no longer, but bright with a strange glory. Close over beyond him she seemed to stand, and he heard, or fancied he heard, a whisper from her parted lips, though it might have come only from his own heart.

"Peace on earth, and good will to ward men."

## TAKING THINGS EASY.

There is no small art in taking things easy, so long as we must suffer annoyances in this breathing world, saying as little as possible about them, and making no parade of our martyrdom. If making a fuss and rendering every one else about us uncomfortable in any way abated the ills that flesh and spirit are heir to, there would be some slight excuse for the folly and selfishness; but, since we cannot escape tribulations of one kind or another, fretting only aggravates them. Either let us be silent and endure, or take arms against our woes, and, by contending, end them. In general, he who makes no ado is supposed to have no trouble of his own, or an organization so inferior that it is not jarred out of tune by the rough usage of fortune; to make the very worst of every trouble, big or little, from the fracture of a tea-cup to that of skull, is considered by many a proof of great sensibility and depth of character, while he who pursues the other course, who endures reverses, slights, injuries, pinpricks of annoyance, agues of anxiety, physical and mental neuralgias, without reporting them to every passer, and howling his grievances into the ears of every listener, is often spoken of as of fibre too coarse to feel acutely, and is looked upon as a weakling.

"It is his temperament," we are told. "He takes nothing to heart." Some one, however, wittily advises us: "Never tell your misfortunes; nobody likes to have unfortunate friends;" but in spite of this warning many seem to think that disaster itself is a recommendation to favor; that they deserve a bonus for serving as a target for fortune's arrow; and they are not seldom acutely jealous lest some other should be deemed their superior in suffering. In the meantime, every one has a well-earned for the person who has the good sense to take things easy. It is comfortable to be able to agnize over

one's own trials, to "a mind at leisure from itself." The person who can go without her dinner and her spring suit and not advertise the fact; who can lose her purse and keep her temper; who can wear a shoe that pinches without anyone being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbor's eye into a beam; who swallows her bitters without leaving the taste in other people's mouths; who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and yet not prick all her friends with it—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of all mankind.

## INDEED A VERY QUEER SUIT.

The Widow Fullerton, Deaf-Mute,  
Vs. O. K. Barnall, Deaf-Mute.

SHE SAYS THAT HE, BEING A BACHELOR AND PAINTER OF CARRIAGES, WOOD, WORN, AND ALMOST MARRIED HER, BEING A WIDOW AND THE MOTHER OF TWO CHILDREN—DAMAGES, \$300.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Jan. 17.—From what I can learn, it was in the early part of last June the bosom of Oliver K. Barnall, a young carriage painter of this town, became suddenly—to the great astonishment of his father, who carried on the carriage painting business with him—transformed into a repository of unnumbered sighs. He grew worse and worse, too, as the days of the ardent month went on, until at last the old carriage painter, bringing a pair of silver-bowed spectacles down from an unfeasible position which they had occupied on the top of his head, regarded his son keenly through them, and rather sharply inquired, "Oliver, what ails you?"

For reasons which will immediately be made apparent young Barnall neglected to return any answer to this question, but the observation of his son's symptoms by the old carriage painter, whose mind has come to be more or less distraught by the pressure of years, will serve to show that the sighing of the young man was very noticeable. What prompted that lustrous sighing in the exceptional month of June surely will be guessed; for Oliver Barnall has been endowed by nature with no especial faculty whereby he should issue into public notice, save only that one great and subtle faculty whereupon occasionally the obscure individual even may, as if winged, soar high in human esteem—the faculty of love. That precisely was the soft and gentle trouble of the young carriage painter last June; he was in love.

Young Barnall is now five and thirty years of age. His gifts, if I may say so, are mostly misfortunes, and he has had few favors. Indeed, about the only matters that he has any good reason to be thankful for at all are briefly these, that he is a first-rate carriage painter and a thrifty and laborious workman. He is not handsome nor over intelligent. His manners, not to mince language, are rather boorish. His eyes have a dull, unvarying look, that must become irksome to anybody who is subjected to it for any length of time. He wears clothes that do not fit him well, and occasions are rare when you may see him, either in-doors or out, without a huge pair of india-rubber boots, which, rising to his knees, wobble about on his legs, and give out a sound such as comes from an ably geared suction pump with every step he takes. In point of conversation—but therein lies (or did lie until he fell in love) the greatest of all his misfortunes. From the day of his birth, Oliver Barnall has never heard nor uttered a single word.

How he managed to live for thirty and four years in seeming contentment without love, and then, when he came to be thirty and five, why he suddenly pined for love is not known. But as soon as ever he had come to a sense of the malady which was distressing him, he did that which was eminently wise and practical under the circumstances: he cast about him for a wife. For, although the young carriage painter had fallen deeply in love, he had done so under the irresponsible influence of the June weather, and not under the definite influence of any single and special example of womanhood; and he exhibited now at least some degree of shrewdness in supposing that the remedy would have to be more tangible than the cause. To several friends, deaf-mutes like himself, he communicated his wishes, and they promised to keep an eye open for a suitable helpmeet for him. I say suitable, for he wanted a plain wife, whom he could understand, and not one whom he could not. The ability to talk he regarded in a wife as an absolutely unnecessary accomplishment, and the ability to hear he regarded as altogether superfluous, inasmuch as it was definitely beyond his own ability to provide any thing for her to listen to. He wished simply a woman with good digital powers and an eye to comprehend his own system of alphabet.

Nor did the ardent young carriage painter have long to go a-sighing in that bland June weather; for though eligible deaf and dumb women are not very plenty hereabouts, still there are some, and the position of young Barnall as a steady and prosperous artisan, with a snug little property of \$10,000 or so laid away to his credit, was certain to bring out whatever of tongueless womanhood there was. In less than a week after he had signified his desire to marry rumors came to him of a widow who could neither hear nor talk, who had heard, not without sympathy, of his grievous malady, and who was not averse to changing her own condition of life. Then, soon following, came the more certain information that there was such a widow in point of fact; that she lived with two remarkably pretty children of her own, in a neat little house in the lower part of the town; and that she did beautiful needlework and had permanent employment as a seamstress in the family of Dr. Yates, of Meadville.

Barnall heard and sighed. How was he to come nearer to this gentle person with so many recommendations?—for, although it may seem strange to some, the carriage painter considered the acquisition of two children, together with a wife, as so much sheer advantage and lucky forestallment, and he deemed that, manna from heaven was dropping close to him. But the means of getting nearer to her were speedily forthcoming, and one day, while he was fixing, with many sighs, some unusual fancy upon the panel of a coach, the following letter was handed to him by the postman:

MEADVILLE, June 5.  
Mr. BARNALL: That lady that you want to marry has heard of your sighing. She would like to see you, and if you can make all things agreeable, she will get married. She is older than you are, and perhaps when you see her you would not care to marry. Come and see her as soon as convenient. A FRIEND OF HERS.

The carriage painter, when he had slowly picked out the meaning of this missive, threw down his brush and started up from his bench with an alacrity that startled his father, who demanded with his fingers to know what the matter was. Oliver fingered him off into some trivial excuse and hurried out of the shop; but he must have soon remembered that the woman who "would get married if he could make all things agreeable" was a seamstress and not likely to be home until the evening; for he returned in a few moments and finished his day's work as usual. As soon as it was six o'clock, however, he hurried away to the little house in which he knew the Widow Fullerton (that was her name) lived. A neat little place it was, set in a neat and quiet street. The carriage painter, influenced by long habit, cast an eye over it before he went in at the gate. It was a frame house, two stories high, painted white, with a very pert and peaked roof, and plenty of ivy and some roses climbing up the posts of the piazza. There was a little turf yard in front, about three feet in depth, and a shell path running from the gate in the centre of the white fence up to the piazza steps, and a very tall and very slender sun flower just to the right of the steps.

"An exceedingly pretty place," thought the carriage painter as he passed with some trepidation and a single step up the shell walk, and, mounting the two steps that led up to the blue piazza, gave a slight and diffident rap with the brass knocker on the door, which was polished so that it almost rivalled the sunflower. There was a quick movement of the shade in the left hand window, as if it had been pulled partly aside for a moment and then dropped again, and the next moment there was a drawing of a bolt, the door opened, and Oliver Barnall stood in the presence of her for whom he had been sighing ever since the beginning of the month.

The first impression that the carriage painter got of the Widow Fullerton was that she was, indeed, as the letter had said, somewhat older than himself; and the second impression he got was that she was not very beautiful. She did not appear a minute less than her real age, which was five-and-forty, as, recognizing instinctively who her caller was, she turned her face modestly away, and signified with her fingers that he should come inside. In a moment the pair were seated in the Widow Fullerton's parlor. She sat on the hair-covered sofa, close to the chimney, and her head came almost up to the mantelpiece, which was ornamented with half a dozen shells of different sizes, some dried ferns, a small vase with a large rose in it, and a pair of Japanese fans.

The conversation was very slack, partly because of the intense embarrassment that existed, and partly because the methods employed by the two were different. When he, with a painfully self-conscious tremor in his fingers, inquired: "Got any children?" She failed utterly to catch his meaning, but suspecting that he wished to learn about her means of support, and had asked how many dollars she earned yearly, she blushed and answered: "About 300." Matters got to be more and more embarrassing after that, and the visit concluded shortly; but the pair had seen each other, and could make up their minds further at leisure. As for Oliver, he thought he should be quite satisfied to marry the Widow Fullerton. He passed over an extreme height, an angular face, and an exceedingly sharp nose, and thought that her eyes, although small, were amiable and affectionate, and that her hair, what there was of it, was a good shade of brown. He considered that her manners were agreeable and modest, and that the atmosphere surrounding her domicile was wholesome. The children he was sure would prove all



# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 1.25. If not paid within six months, 2.00. These prices are in advance. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. **TERMS:** Cash in advance.

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DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## ON THE SICK LIST.

The editor of the JOURNAL was taken sick last week and has been confined to his bed nearly all the time since, though at this time he is feeling a little more comfortable and is slightly gaining. The family physician, Dr. G. P. Johnson, says the patient must keep quiet for a few days, and he is in hope of seeing him out again before long. The editor is daily in receipt of letters from various parts of the country, many of which call for answers, but he is yet unable to attend to them, and asks for the exercise of a little patience on the part of their writers until he feels a little stronger, when they will be accorded all due and proper respect. Owing to his sickness, and business away from home just previous to his attack by sickness, an account of the deaf-mute surprise at Lyons, N. Y., has necessarily been postponed, but should circumstances prove favorable the article will probably appear in next week's paper or in that of the succeeding week.

## DEAF-MUTE BALL IN MEXICO, N. Y.

A deaf-mute Dancing Party will be given in Empire Hall, in this village, on the night of Valentine's day, February 14th, 1879.

Music will be furnished by Luman B. Thompson, the well-known violinist of this village.

Tickets, good for the Ball, 50 cents. Suppers, at 50 cents each, will be provided by M. Dillon, proprietor of the Empire House.

For the benefit of strangers, we will say that the hall and hotel are in the same block, in the central part of the village, and to obtain supper it will not be necessary to go out of the building.

A general and cordial invitation is extended to deaf-mutes and hearing people, far and near, to be present at this Valentine Ball. No pains will be spared to make the occasion one of the greatest enjoyment and pleasure.

## THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

[Correspondence of the New York Tribune.]

Sir: May I ask an explanation, from yourself or the readers of your paper, through *The Semi-Weekly Tribune*, of the following: In the journal of George Ticknor occurs this entry:

One fact I witnessed, and knew therefore personally, which is extremely curious. Not one of the pupils of the Spanish Deaf and Dumb Asylum, of course, can ever have heard a human sound, and all their knowledge and practice in speaking must come from their imitation of the visible (italics his) mechanical movement of the lips, and other organs of enunciation, by their teachers, who are all Castilians; yet each speaks clearly and decidedly, with the accent of the province from which he comes, so that I could easily distinguish the Catalunians and Biscayans and Castilians, while others more practised in Spanish felt the Malagan and Andalusian tones. How is this to be explained, but by supposing an absolutely and originally different conformation of the organs of speech? (Life 1, 196.)

I suppose none would question the Spanish scholarship of the author of the "History of Spanish Literature," much less his veracity. Can any other explanation than this be found? If not, would not this seem to prove the theory of the Divine origin of language, as opposed to the "conventional" theory? Respectfully, A. READER, Danville, Ky., Dec. 24, 1878.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Rev. A. W. Mann's Appointments.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 2, A. M. and P. M.  
Jackson, Mich., " 7, " "  
Detroit, " 9, " "  
Dayton, O., " 14, " "  
Cincinnati, " 16, " "  
Pittsburg, Pa., " 23, " "  
St. Louis, Mo., Mar. 2, " "  
Chicago, Ill., " 9, " "  
Marion, O., " 14, " "  
Indianapolis, Ind., 18, " "

Other appointments will be made later on. The missionary will be thankful to those who will aid in making the above notices as generally known as possible. He asks those of "the same household of faith" to aid, by word and example, in increasing the attendance at the service.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

All well at the West Virginia Institution.

The Ohio deaf-mute alumni expect to hold their fourth re-union next summer.

W. H. Wisdom, of the Kansas Institution, has had a severe attack of lung fever, but is now convalescent.

JOSEPH R. Kay, of Pittsburgh, Pa., says, in subscribing for the JOURNAL, that he is greatly pleased with our paper.

Mrs. M. F. Dudley, being the next officer to the principal, has been directed to take charge of the West Virginia Institution school.

A bill has been introduced into the Maine Legislature for the establishment of an institution for the deaf and dumb and the blind.

AMOS Chambers, one of the shoemaker boys at the Kansas Institution, was lately attacked with congestion of the bowels and stomach.

The Supervisor of Public Printing of the State of Ohio has a telephone, connecting the deaf and dumb institution with his office in the State House.

CHARLES R. Casselman, of the Kansas Institution, was lately summoned to the bedside of his sick father, in Columbus, who was not expected to live.

The editor of this paper, and his wife, were pleased to receive a call, last week, from a newly-married couple—Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Jones, of Sand Hill, N. Y.

PEDESTRIAN (who has dropped half a crown in front of "the Blind"): "Why, you confounded humbug, you're not blind!"—Beggars: "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they must have given me a wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb!"—*Funny Folks.*

GEORGE E. Fischer, a semi-mute, of Damariscotta, Me., is probably the only mute who has read his own obituary, it having been published in the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL or the Silent World in 1873, owing to a false report of his death having reached his mute friends in Boston.

STEPHEN Sinclair, of the JOURNAL office, has a drum with a history. Its history is that it has borne through the late war—from the firing of the first gun of fort Sumter, the beginning of the great Rebellion, to the fall of Richmond. Although the possessor of it is something of a drummer himself, he keeps it only for a curiosity.

MA. Jacob Shuster, of Bradford, Stenben county, N. Y., fifteen miles from Watkins, appeared with a pair of handsome horses in Watkins, on Friday, January 24th. He was highly privileged to call on us. We are talking of visiting him and his wife, in a company of about ten, some time this winter.—*Watkins Correspondence.*

MR. Peter B. Gulek, of Hunterdon county, a graduate of the New York Institute for Deaf and Dumb, proposes to establish a school in this State, for the education and training of mutes, provided the legislature will give him proper encouragement. He thinks he could save the State considerable expense if his plan was adopted.—*Jersey City Journal, Jan. 27, 1879.*

J. T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass., regrets that "Rambler" did not give his full name. But "Rambler" felt as bashful as a young lass with her first lover, while writing outside views; but, if he continues to receive such kind encouragement as Mr. Tillinghast has given, he may grow bolder and some time give it. If Mr. T. will address "Rambler," box 298, Damariscotta, Me., "Rambler" will give him his name in a whisper.

PROF. Job Turner is having the great pleasure of meeting with many of his old pupils in the South during his present missionary tour. He met there in Knoxville, Tenn., last week, one Mr. John W. Michaels, who is a foreman, partner in a wholesale saddlery and harness shop. The subscribers of the JOURNAL may recollect having read of his elopement with a pretty lady, Miss Steers. They say they are happy in their new married life.

THE announcement of the death of Mr. Wm. L. Bird, for a short time a teacher in the Institution, was received here a few days ago, with sincere regret. In the short period of his stay with us in 1871 he had secured the friendship and esteem of all who were associated with him. He was a young man of fine moral and mental endowments, and although he became deaf at a very early age, he acquired an excellent education, and became a successful instructor of deaf-mutes.—*Goodson Gazette.*

MR. and Mrs. Joel E. Andrews, of Odessa, N. Y., had a surprise party on the evening of the 7th inst. The party did not take place in their house, but in a hall. The guests were very numerous. The couple found themselves very much confused, but, indeed, were very much pleased to look over them, and count them if they could. The party chatted, danced, etc. We are able to report that the people of Odessa are very clever, and have always called us to take part on the stage; and seeing we had done well, in turn, they paid their debts by honoring and congratulating us on such an occasion.—*Watkins Correspondent.*

CONCERNING Mr. Plumb M. Park, of the Ohio Institution, who by some is claimed to be the oldest deaf-mute teacher in the United States, the *Mirror* says: "There are several other teachers in the United States who out-rank Mr. Park in point of years in service. Prof. Bartlett, of the American Asylum, notably. He is now teaching his fifty-first year, while several have taught as many years as Mr. Park. Prof. Foster, Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution, and Dr. MacIntyre, of the Indiana Institution, have each reached their fortieth year as instructors of deaf-mutes. Several others, whose records we have, will crowd close upon this veteran teacher."

The seventeenth and eighteenth (combined) annual reports of the Alabama Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, for the years ending September 30th, 1877-8, is before us. The whole number of pupils in attendance during the year ending September 30th, 1877, was 54, an increase of 5 over the previous year, of which 42 were deaf-mutes and 12 blind. The health of the pupils was uninterruptedly good—not a single case of protracted sickness. The work in the school-room and shops was faithfully done, and the advancement of the pupils was, in most cases, satisfactory. The services of the teachers were commended by the principal in his report for that year. The principal hopes that the group of buildings will be completed in a few years by one more—a chapel and school-room. The per capita expense of the pupils was \$224.24. The principal's report for the year ending September 30th, 1878, gives the number of pupils in the institution since the previous year's report at 54—of which 41 were deaf-mutes and 13 blind—males 34, females 20. During this year there was no sickness of a serious nature, but William Cartwright, a blind boy, died on the 25th of March last. He was feeble, subject to epilepsy, and the immediate cause of his death was attributed to his habit of chewing tobacco and swallowing the juice. The teachers were faithful to their duties, and both the literary and mechanical progress of the pupils was good. The Alabama Institution is in a very hopeful state.

The *Advance* presents a very neat and rich appearance in its new dress.

MISS Julia Maynes, one of the *Star* composers, is afflicted with sore eyes.

THE mother of John A. Buckles, one of the pupils at the Kansas Institution, recently died at Smithland, Kan.

BALL playing has lately been indulged in by the pupils of the Kansas Institution, the weather being very mild.

A. J. Boden and wife, of Gillespie, Ill., lately visited several deaf-mutes in Macomb and Montgomery counties, Ill.

WALTER Scott Cavena, colored, a former pupil of the Kansas Institution, who was expelled for stealing, is again in trouble, and is held at Kansas City.

SUPERINTENDENT Dr. P. G. Gillett and wife, of the Illinois Institution, were lately called to Danville to attend the funeral of a child of Mrs. Gillett's brother.

We are in receipt of the sixth annual report of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," which, as usual, contains a great deal of interest to the deaf and dumb.

MISS Wood, a very successful teacher in the Illinois Institution, has the happiest class there: they have lately had new text-books consisting of "Keep's School Stories."

SEVERAL testimonials in regard to the worth of the JOURNAL have been received from deaf-mutes within the past few days, all of which place a high estimate upon our paper.

GEORGE E. Kohler, of York, York Co., Pa., is desirous to know the whereabouts of his son, Thomas Ryan. Any information on that subject imparted to Mr. Kohler will be thankfully received.

THE *Mirror* says if Rev. W. E. Northrup, who advertises for the whereabouts of his son, took that paper he would notice that his son was in Millington, Ill., a short time since, delivering his lecture.

C. L. Williams, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, says he has a good school started at that place, partly public and partly private, opened on the 2d of December last, that he has 10 pupils, and more are expected. He also says that cerebro-spinal meningitis has made sad ravages with the hearing of children there.

WHILE Dr. Gallaudet and Prof. Job Turner were in Athens, Ga., they were invited to make addresses before the students of the University of Georgia—about 500 in number—which they accordingly did. The students seemed interested. The president and professors were present. The citizens of that city built a very fine building at a cost of \$25,000, and presented it to the university for an agricultural department.

MISS Mattie P. Slato, of Oxford, Miss., says: "Mr. L. W. Saunders, of Jackson, Miss., recently sent me some copies of the JOURNAL. My sister and I were pleased with them. I will send \$1.50 by money order. My sister Flora and I would like to attend Rev. Turner's and Gallaudet's services at Jackson, Miss., next month. I hope you will admit me as a member of the 'Mutual Auxiliary.' I am in good health."

WHILE Dr. Gallaudet and Prof. Job Turner were in Knoxville, Tenn., the former received a letter from Mr. Hammond, principal of the Arkansas Institution, inviting them to visit him and his officers at Little Rock. The Dr. found it impossible to accept, because he expected to return home on the 21st of February. Mr. Turner thinks seriously of visiting the institution some time in April, when he itinerates through Tennessee.

TWO inside pages of the *Goodson Gazette* for February 1st, 1879, contain a picture of the Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind on one page and of the manual alphabet on the other. Below the institution took the editor explains: Just as the *Goodson* had made up the inside form, and was in the act of locking it in the press, the chase broke and the type was "spied" in a confused heap on the floor. The editor has our sympathy in his latest affliction.

HIRAM L. Ball, of this town, recently enjoyed several good visits among friends at Rome, Utica, Syracuse, and other places. He was absent during a portion of the great storms, but, luckily, escaped being "stalled" in the snow, as he returned home just previous to one of the railroad blockades, and did not, like some other deaf-mutes, who were away from home at the same time, become snow-bound. We are pleased to learn from him that he enjoyed himself very much during his absence.

THE following review of the report of the Georgia Institution is concluded from an item in last week's JOURNAL, the omitted portion having been omitted by mistake from the January 30th number of our paper:

IN 1876 the State purchased property for the establishment of an institution for colored deaf-mutes, a short distance from the present institution. A thousand dollars was appropriated for repairs on the building purchased, which was expended, and from two to three thousand dollars more are needed to complete the remodeling. As soon as this building is finished an attendance of from twenty to fifty colored deaf-mutes is expected. The attendance was 73, with a prospect of more pupils this year. The progress of the pupils was good.

## A DEAF-MUTE SWINDLER ARRESTED.

[From the *Watertown Daily Times*, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1879.]

F. N. Cocagne, a deaf-mute, of Cape Vincent, who has been operating in this vicinity under the name of F. N. Coon, was arrested at the Cape last Tuesday by U. S. Marshal Van Brakle, and deputy P. M. Martin, on the charge of defrauding the public through the mails. It seems that Cocagne, advertised in the papers that he would furnish eggs and fancy fowls at a very low price, giving his address as F. N. Coon, of Watertown. He received several letters from different parts of the State with orders and checks. The checks he appropriated to his own use, and paid no attention to the filling of the orders. He was detected at last at his game, he receiving a registered letter and not responding. The post-office authorities' attention was called to it, and upon investigation the above facts were ascertained. He has been detected twice before on similar charges, but somehow has managed to escape both times. He has brought to this city yesterday and his examination is set down for next Thursday before U. S. Commissioner Ainsworth.

THE Cape Vincent deaf-mute, now in jail here, has a bad reputation at home. He is the fellow who stole Anchor's case of jewelry a few years ago. There are several dark spots on his character.

Women suffering from any of the complaints peculiar to the sex, should use Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It is splendid.

## Local Paragraphs.

Prospects of some snow.

Rev. W. F. Hemenway was in Syracuse a portion of last week.

C. C. Brown has lately been sick, but is able to be out again.

George Stone has been quite sick for some time past, but is now slowly gaining.

Ed. Stone left home last Monday, and joined the excursion party at Oswego for Washington.

A. S. Gibson and wife, of Camden, and once residents here, are visiting friends in this village.

Mr. Simon Tuller has been quite low for the past few days, and is considered dangerously sick.

Rev. Mr. Hooker, of Syracuse, conducted services at Grace Church last Sunday morning and evening.

Rev. Mr. Hall, of Holmesville, occupied the M. E. pulpit here, very acceptably, last Sunday evening.

George Pruyne has been quite unwell for a long time, and Mrs. Pruyne has also been sick for the past few days.

Henry Bard has nearly recovered from his recent sickness, and we are pleased to see him out and on the streets occasionally.

Hiram Loomis, who is in the insurance business in Buffalo, has lately been spending a few days with his family in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clinton, of Sandy Creek, were lately in town on account of the sickness of Mrs. Clinton's father—Simon Tuller.

THE donation last week for the benefit of Rev. J. H. McGahan was a very pleasant affair, and we hear it resulted in much substantial benefit.

THE Kenyon suit, which was in progress in Mayo Hall during a portion of last week, was again postponed—this time until the 24th of February.

THE sleighing is reported to be good out of town, but the roads are said to be somewhat rough on account of the uneven distribution of the snow.

REV. W. F. Hemenway was at Holmesville doing ministerial labor last Sunday morning, and preached in the North Meeting-house in the afternoon.

THE re-dedication of the M. E. Church of this place, which is undergoing extensive overhauling, is set down for some time in the month of March.

"June" Stone has returned from Camden, the sick composer whose place he was filling having recovered from his sickness and returned to his case in the *Advance* office.

THE receipts at Rev. J. H. McGahan's donation in this village amounted to nearly \$50, and a night or two afterwards his friends at Thomas' Corners gave him a good donation.

A donation party for the benefit of Rev. W. F. Hemenway will be given at the parsonage on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, February 12th. Supper will be served from 6 to 9 p. m.

A large number of invited speakers met in Masonic Hall on Monday evening, February 3d, and witnessed the installation of officers of Lodge 136 F. and A. M. and Mexico Chapter K. A. M.

REV. Mr. Ensign, of Parish, was expected here to preach for the M. E. society last Sunday morning, but, as he failed to appear, for some good reason, Rev. S. Boyd made some very practical remarks.

ALL who delight in dancing, and who desire to attend a well-ordered party, will find a good place at the deaf-mutes' Valentine Ball at Empire Hall Friday night, February 14th, 1879. Tickets for the Dance, 50 cents; Supper, at the Empire Hall, 50 cents each. A general invitation is extended to both the deaf and dumb and hearing people. A good time is promised.

MR. George Rickard, an old resident of this town, died suddenly last Thursday, at the residence of his son-in-law, George Halsey, near Union Square. He had not been well for a long time previous, but his death was quite unexpected. "Uncle George," as he was called, was a kind, good-natured man and will be much missed, though his infirmities for the past few years had prevented him from getting out much.

WE learn that a case of "cruelty to animals" was before one of our justices of the peace recently, and that the defendants decided to give bail to appear at a higher court in preference to accepting the judgment and paying the fine to be imposed by the justice. The complainant, we are told, is Ed. Ayers, and the defendants Al. Becker, merchant, and Robert Baker, justice of the peace, and the charge that of cruelly whipping Baker's balky horse.

THE blacksmith and paint shop occupied by Joseph Wilder and Henry Vincent near the Union Cheese Factory, together with its contents, was destroyed by fire at about daylight last Sunday morning. At that hour, early for Sunday, but few knew of the fire, and those who did discovered it too late for profit. How the fire originated is a mystery. What the extent of the loss is we have not as yet been informed, nor whether there was any insurance on the property burned, but hear that, in addition to the loss of tools sustained by Messrs. Wilder and Vincent, Mr. Newton Parsons' best mail stage, a carriage belonging Mr. Midlam, one or two carriages owned by other parties, and, we presume, other property was destroyed in the general conflagration.

## Resolutions of Respect and Condolence.

THE following resolutions were adopted at a regular meeting of Mexico Tent No. 85, N. O. of I. R., held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 29, 1879:

SINCE it has pleased the God of our Father Rochab to call our beloved brother George G. Tubbs from the world of the dying to that of the living—from a life of almost constant suffering to one of abiding pleasure; therefore

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to His holy will, we deem it most fitting thus to place on record our appreciation of the exalted worth of our departed brother. Death could not have taken one of our number more constant and true to the principles of our Order, or more unswerving in his zeal for its best interests.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish the memory and endeavor to imitate the virtues of him whom we now sadly miss from our pleasant gatherings.

Resolved, That to the surviving relatives of our departed brother we tender our deepest sympathy in this hour of sorrow, feeling that we are sharers with them in their great loss.

Resolved, That our Secretary be instructed to present a copy of these resolutions in writing to the parents of the deceased, and that they be placed upon our minutes and also published in the *Rehabite* magazine and the local papers.

J. H. GASS, C. R.

H. C. PLUMLEY, R. S.

At the regular session of the Guiding Star Camp, No. 17, E. K. of R., Jan. 31st, 1879, the above resolutions were approved and endorsed as the sentiments of the Camp for its departed brother.

A. N. BENEDICT, S. C.

J. H. ALFRED, R. S.

## THE DUMB MADE TO SPEAK.

BERNARD Goldman, a Hebrew peddler of matches, has hobbled about the Fourth Ward for many years. On his breast he wears a large tin sign lettered: "Pity this poor old man, for he is deaf and dumb and paralyzed." He has sold many boxes of matches upon the strength of this sign. He entered the barroom at 265 Water street on the afternoon of the 18th inst. to offer matches for sale. Margaret McLoughlin, who lived in an upper story, stole \$2.50 from the outside pocket of his overcoat. Goldman missed the money. The loss worked a wonderful change. He abused Miss McLoughlin fluently, and ran out of the barroom for a police officer. Miss McLoughlin was arrested. In her trial yesterday in the General Sessions Goldman, who did not wear his sign, testified in a clear voice. Miss McLoughlin was convicted. Judge Gildersleeve sentenced her to the penitentiary for one year.—*New York Sun, Jan. 29, 1879.*

## Tennessee School for Deaf and Dumb.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 28, 1879. MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Dr. Gallaudet and myself made our appearance in this city at midnight last night. Mr. Ijams, the principal of this school, met us at the depot and escorted us to the institution. There the Dr. was assigned a home at the principal's house and his silent companion at the institution.

This morning Dr. Gallaudet opened school with an address and prayer, after which we visited the classes.

Mr. Ijams and ourselves took dinner with the Rev. Mr. Duncan to-day, and Rev. Dr. Humes, the president of the University of Tennessee, was with us. It was truly a very pleasant time.

To-night there was a service for deaf-mutes and others in St. John's Church, one of the prettiest churches that I ever saw. Dr. Gallaudet and the rector conducted the regular service. Then the Dr. explained the sign-language orally, and the writer gave a condensed history of the early education of deaf-mutes, which he interpreted to the speaking audience, after which Mr. Ijams signed what the Dr. said about the method of teaching the deaf-mutes, from its beginning to its end. Mr. Ijams has, I need not say, proved a good sign-maker. After service the people did not disperse for some minutes.

Allow me to say that the kind-hearted principal directed all the pupils to walk to church in a body to attend the service. The moon was shining smilingly, but at the close of the service it was found to be raining. He ordered an omnibus to take the girls to the institution. This showed his heart to be full of kindness. He is a true gentleman, and a catholic Christian. The word catholic means love to do good without bigotry.

I deem it appropriate to give you a short history of this institution. I did not find out until to-day how this school came into existence.

Mr. Davis opened the first deaf-mute school in this city, without any help until the legislature passed a bill providing for the appropriation of a sum of money for putting the school in operation, when he transferred it to the State. Since its opening Rev. Thos. McIntire, of Ohio, Horace Gillett, of Indiana, Mr. Scott, of Texas, and Rev. Mr. Park, of Knoxville, have been made principals. Mr. Ijams is now the principal.

How did Mr. Ijams become principal of this institution? While he was a professor in the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington Rev. Dr. Humes, President of the University of Tennessee, wrote to president Gallaudet requesting him to select a competent instructor, and he recommended Mr. Ijams, who was therefore elected. There are one hundred and five pupils in this institution, who look intelligent and happy. This is my first visit, which will not soon fade from my memory.

There are four teachers, two of whom are deaf-mutes, their names being L. A. Houghton, a graduate of the New York Deaf-Mute College, and W. C. Brannum, a graduate of this institution. Mr. Houghton has been teaching here for the past nine years and Mr. Brannum ten years.

The housekeeper of this institution is a very pleasant lady. She told me that she was born in Switzerland, and that she had been twice married. The matron is Miss Davis, of Virginia, a very fine lady.

Knoxville is a very pleasant town, surrounded by very picturesque scenery. The Alleghany and Cumberland mountains can be seen from this institution on a clear day.

Mr. Houghton, this afternoon, took me a walk about town, and showed me the house where Deacon Brownlow, the celebrated Whig canvasser, and another where lives Hon. Horace Maynard, now Minister to Turkey.

This institution has a printing office, and they will, I hear, publish an institution paper of their own in a week or two.

I was much surprised and pleased to meet three of my old pupils. My old pupils are scattered wide and far. I meet them in almost every place in the State.

Yours sincerely, JOE TURNER.

ATHENS, Ga., Jan. 25, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last Wednesday afternoon found Dr. Gallaudet and myself comfortably quartered at the spacious residence of A. P. Dearing, Esq., one of the most respectable gentlemen in this city, who has an interesting deaf-mute daughter, Miss Marion Dearing, one of my old pupils. She always spells on her fingers, and conveys her ideas in that way with accuracy. Her good education may safely be attributed to her conveying her ideas on her fingers, without signs. She talks with her relatives and friends by spelling on her fingers and writing on paper all the time. She must think in words. We have been enjoying the unaffected hospitality of Mr. Dearing and his family very much, and they have done what they could to make our sojourn pleasant.

Last Thursday night a service for deaf-mutes was conducted by Dr. Gallaudet in this city, after which he spoke of the mission work, deaf-mute education, &c. At his request I made a few remarks, which were interpreted to the speaking audience. After the meeting was broken up the President of the University of Georgia invited Dr. Gallaudet to address his students the next morning. The Dr., yesterday morning, delivered a long address to the students, about 500 in number, in the university chapel, after which I dwelt, in a few words, on "Knowledge is power," the subject being interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet.

Just before our arrival here we were informed of the death of J. J. Flournoy, one of the oldest graduates of the Hartford school. He had long made himself well known to the deaf-mute world by advocating the establishment of a deaf-mute colony in the West. He once wrote me a very long letter on that subject. I am told that he wrote on several other queer subjects, such as polygamy, &c. He died in this neighborhood, about two weeks ago, at the age of 79 years. From his great age, I think he must have entered the Hartford school at the time of its opening. The time of his admission is unknown to me.

Since our arrival we have learned, with regret, of the death of a deaf-mute lady, Mrs. Dent, whose maiden name was Miss Francis Thomas, and whose instruction was pursued and completed at the Hartford school. Dr. Gallaudet told me that his mother had often spoken of her with affection and friendship. Mrs. Dent survived her speaking husband two years. She had several speaking children.

At the University one of the students told us that he had a smart deaf-mute colored boy under his private instruction, and that he intended to employ him as his copying clerk in his law office after he had finished his education at the Cave Spring institution, to which he intends to send him. I have no doubt that he will be true to his word, as he says he takes a deep interest in his future welfare.

A few rods from this spacious mansion stands the residence of the late Hon. Howell Cobb, generally known as having been an able Statesman.

Athens seems proud to have had as a citizen Dr. Crawford, the discoverer of ether. We have passed in sight of his humble home, and his family is, I am informed, in very poor circumstances, from which I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that Congress would give them something, because the new discovery has proved very useful to the Government.

We go to Atlanta this afternoon.

Yours sincerely, JOE TURNER.

## WANTED.



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 20, 1879.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Our appointment for this place has been fulfilled. We arrived here from Petersburg, Va., last Friday night. Superintendent Gudgey invited us to stay at the institution. The next morning we visited the classes, after which we called on Governor Vance at the State prison, and learned that they would send him to the United States Senate soon.

On Sunday morning, January 19th, Dr. Gallaudet preached a sermon in one of the Episcopal churches. After service a very remarkable gentleman met him and told him that he knew his father very well. On the same afternoon the Dr. officiated in the institution chapel, and made an address in the Church of the Good Shepherd the same night. The teachers and pupils attended the service in a body. Professor Dudley, one of the speaking teachers, interpreted the Dr.'s address by signs.

To-day Governor Vance, Dr. Gallaudet, and myself have dined with Superintendent Gudgey. We had a very pleasant time with him and his teachers.

This morning we visited the institution for colored deaf-mutes, and were pleased to find the colored pupils improving. I gave a little colored girl two words, man and bird, requesting her to write them into a sentence, and she introduced them into a sentence by writing: "A man shoots a bird." We were sorry to find one of the teachers, Thomas H. Tillinghast, confined to his room by illness. We however, hope soon to hear of his speedy recovery.

I want to write more, but we are going to Cedar Spring, S. C., this afternoon. Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

CEAR SPRING, S. C., Jan. 21, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—This letter will inform you of our safe arrival at the South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, this morning.

Dr. Gallaudet and myself bade good-bye to Raleigh, N. C., yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, after a pleasant sojourn of only forty-three hours, and we arrived here this morning at 4 o'clock. We were obliged to put up at the Piedmont Hotel because the institution is four miles from the town of Spartanburg.

Superintendent Walker, a very nice-looking gentleman, met us at the hotel this morning and took us to the institution in his buggy. He and Dr. G. went out in his buggy, and I in Mr. Hughes's, with a colored driver, who talked well to me by signs. It was a lovely spring-like morning, and the sun was shining very pleasantly.

Mr. Hughes kindly sent his colored driver and buggy to town to escort me to the institution. I was much pleased with his two shining black horses. I cannot too highly appreciate his kindness to me. He has been connected with the institution as a teacher for twenty-five years, and is a dignified-looking gentleman, having a good deal of property. He has a deaf-mute wife, and she is, I am informed, a very nice cook. I received the same welcome from Superintendent Walker and his officers as I did last year. They all looked as well as they did last year.

We met Mr. Robert P. Rogers, his sister, and his son, David, at the institution. They were all well. Mr. Rogers' oldest daughter, Janet, was married to Mr. Somak, about two weeks since. Mr. David Rogers will probably get a situation as a teacher at the institution.

To-night the large pupils went four miles to Spartanburg, in wagons, in spite of the roads being very muddy, to attend Dr. Gallaudet's service, in a body, the church being well filled. After his service was done Superintendent Walker interpreted his address to the deaf-mutes present. The teachers were present, and seemed pleased.

During our short sojourn at the institution we were shown the grave of the late Rev. N. P. Walker, the founder of this school. When he attended the convention of teachers in Staunton he was called the most polite delegate there. I was much pleased with his refined manners. His son fills his place well. This institution is home-like.

We have transferred our home to the Piedmont Hotel to-night, and will take the cars for Athens, Ga., very early to-morrow morning. We have had a most delightful time at the institution and church. Superintendent Walker has given me a standing invitation to make the institution an "old-fashioned visitation."

Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 27, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last Saturday afternoon Dr. Gallaudet and myself parted with A. P. Dearing, Esq., and his amiable family, and reached this city at 11 o'clock p. m., when Mr. Echols, one of the trustees of the Georgia Deaf and Dumb Institution, met us at the depot and escorted us to a very respectable boarding-house, where we are very comfortably quartered.

Yesterday I looked up deaf-mutes in this city, and succeeded in finding a number, who were present at our service last night. They seemed pleased. Their names were George W. Walker, Misses Carrende, Love, and Flerion, and perhaps Mr. Cornet. They were educated at the Cave Spring institution.

After service a number of friends came to me, and we were glad to see each other. I made their acquaintance last April when I made my first visit here. I always feel at home in every place where I have plenty of good friends. How pleasant it is to feel at home where good friends are met.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of dining with Dr. Love, who has had a deaf-mute house-keeper about twenty-seven years, the great length of which time makes it appear to me that she has the full confidence of the family. The members of this family can spell and make signs as we do. Dr. Love is a fine-looking gentleman, and is a great friend to the deaf-mutes. He has an extensive practice as a doctor, and is a professor in the Atlanta Medical College. He understands signs so well that he can interpret for deaf-mutes. He and his family honored our service with their presence. The church was almost crowded to repletion.

The population of this city is 40,000. Every thing looks natural to me. Therefore, I need not say much about this city, except that it is increasing rapidly in importance.

Our service was conducted at St. Philip's Church last night by Rev. Mr. Fouté and Dr. Gallaudet, after which the writer made an address, the subject being "Glory to God in the highest."

We go to Knoxville, Tenn., this afternoon. Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

### WILLIAM WELSH.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 30, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Nearly one year ago your paper contained an account about the death of one whose whole heart seemed set on promoting the prosperity of his fellow-beings, rather than to increase the tendenciest owards his own. The person referred to was Mr. William Welsh, a vice-president of this institution.

On the 13th inst. news reached us that James J. Barclay, Esq., secretary of the institution, would deliver an address in the auditorium of Association Hall, commemorative to the departed philanthropist. Knowing that all the pupils would like to be there, for the reason that Mr. Welsh had been a benevolent friend to them, Mr. Joshua Foster, our principal, accepted the invitation to convey the words to them by signs while Mr. Barclay spoke orally. Mr. Foster is able to sign very plainly, and on this occasion the gracefulness of his signs seemed to have been increased by the beautiful gas-lit platform on which he stood. His signs often assumed such a pantomimic character that even those wholly unacquainted with them could understand the purport of his gestures. Besides the deaf and dumb a great many speaking people were present.

The Board of Directors were seated behind the speaker, and amongst them, and attentive to every word spoken, sat Hon. George Sharswood, L. L. D., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and president of this institution. In opening his address Mr. Barclay said:

"We are not assembled to commemorate the brilliant victories of a renowned warrior or the noble achievements of an illustrious statesman—of a Von Moltke or a Cavour—but to pay an affectionate tribute of respect to the memory of a departed friend, an enlightened philanthropist, a pure patriot, an earnest man—the noblest work of God—of Mr. William Welsh, the virtuous and the just."

Having traced the career of Mr. Welsh, the speaker briefly reviewed the work the departed philanthropist performed for the benefit of the public at large and in the direction of alleviating special forms of private suffering. The part Mr. Welsh took in having the old Volunteer Fire Department supplanted by the present system was explained, together with the successful efforts made in that connection to found young men's institutes. "Great as was his liberality," said Mr. Barclay, "it was guided by a sound judgment. From the idle and the profligate he withheld his bounty." The founding of the Episcopal Hospital, and the exertions of Mr. Welsh in aid of the Pennsylvania Hospital were next touched upon by the speaker, who then passed to a discussion of the interest taken in the public trusts of the city by the deceased. "Desirous that these trusts should be faithfully and efficiently discharged," said Mr. Barclay, "he procured the passage of the Assembly, of June 30th, 1869, which placed the trusts under the direction of a board appointed by the judges of the supreme court of the State and the judges of the court of common pleas of Philadelphia. Mr. Welsh was chosen a member, and appointed president of this trust, which position he held to the time of his death. The judicious improvements of the Girard estate and the estate of the Wills Hospital have largely increased the incomes of these charities."

After a reference to the deep interest Mr. Welsh took in Girard College, and its pupils, Mr. Barclay referred to his labors in behalf of the Indians, who, said the speaker, "had his deep and abiding sympathy." He strenuously exerted himself to vindicate their rights and redress their wrongs. They felt that they had in him an ardent and faithful friend on whom they could rely. His noble exertions in their behalf have reared for him a monument more enduring than brass."

The speaker, after dwelling a few moments upon the genuine liberality of opinion and action which Mr. Welsh combined with a zealous attachment for his own church, spoke of the subject of his endeavors as a director of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. In this connection

the speaker said: "When the enlargement of the buildings was resolved upon, a few years ago, he was appointed chairman of the building committee, and, until their completion, scarcely a day passed that he did not give them his personal supervision. He was much gratified by the admiration he received. He was a great favorite with the pupils, and his visits were always received with a hearty welcome, for his genial smile and winning ways won their young hearts."

In conclusion, the speaker read the circumstances attending Mr. Welsh's death, which were: On the 11th of February, 1878, the well-known philanthropist died suddenly of heart disease at the Will's Eye Hospital while suggesting some improvements in a gas fixture. Although bearing the Scripture's allotted three score and ten, he was as active, mentally and physically, as an ordinary man in the prime of life, and appeared a picture of perfect health up to a minute or two before his death. His funeral, though it took place on a rainy day, was attended by a great many people, and some of the principal business houses were closed during the entire day. "His example," concluded Mr. Barclay, "will stimulate the indolent to cast off sloth, the careless to be prompt and methodical; it will encourage the timid to be fearless in the discharge of duty; the benevolent to be not weary in well doing, the affluent to generously and wisely aid the distressed, the patriotic to use his strenuous efforts to promote the welfare, honor, and glory of the country, and all to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God. May we not indulge the Christian hope that our departed friend, now freed from all earthly dross, is now the companion of saints and just men made perfect, and in the enjoyment of celestial happiness." Upon the conclusion Mr. Barclay was applauded by those present, including the deaf-mutes. After a few remarks from Judge Sharswood, who alluded to the profound interest the latter had taken in the remarks of Mr. Barclay as conveyed to them by Mr. Foster, the assemblage dispersed.

We are constantly being reminded, by its ravages, that Death spares neither the virtuous nor the profligate, and that both these characters will reap the reward of their works in the next world is apparent. Notwithstanding our knowledge of Divine judgment, we frequently remark that those who are our greatest help are often destined to be called the sooner.

On the 19th of this month another was added to the long list of fallen heroes. The person referred to was Nicholas Biddle, M. D., widely known for his noble traits of character. He had been physician to this institution for many years, and the skill, promptness, and patience with which he discharged the duties of his profession had won for him an exemplary reputation and many warm friends.

### PUPIL.

#### Marriage of Deaf-Mutes.

*Syracuse Courier*:—Lawrence N. Jones and Ellen W. Evans, both deaf-mutes, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride in Rome, N. Y., Wednesday evening, December 18th, Rev. H. L. M. Clarke, of Zion Episcopal church, officiating, assisted by Professor Alphonso Johnson, of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, as interpreter. There was a goodly gathering of the immediate friends of the parties, many of the guests being deaf-mutes themselves. Nearly all the professors and teachers of the Central New York Institute for Deaf-Mutes were present.

Mr. Jones is a former resident of Pulaski, N. Y., and is well and favorably known among the deaf. He is an industrious and useful citizen. Miss Evans has resided in Rome many years and has two deaf-mute brothers, both married to deaf-mutes.

#### MERRY CHRISTMAS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Christmas has come and passed off among our deaf-mute community, without any thing of special importance worth mentioning in this correspondence, with a few exceptions, of which I shall only make short notes.

As a holiday, it was observed by us all in its usual old time style; was immensely enjoyed by both the old and young folks, who recollected its time to make and to accept presents among one another and to return the compliments of the season; and finally not forgetting to partake of a good hearty dinner, among which the traditional turkey must have figured especially, with many other good things as far as their various circumstances might afford them to indulge, and to which all must have done ample justice.

In the forenoon of that day the Rev. H. W. Syle held a religious service at the chapel in the rear of St. Stephen's Church in commemoration of the birth of our Saviour. Notwithstanding the excessive severity of the weather, a good audience respected the occasion with their presence, but it gave them a feeling of much anxiety on observing a more marked change in the appearance of their worthy pastor, who was looking physically worse at that time. It will be recollected that he has been suffering for some time past both in bodily and mental health, which has been a source of much anxiety and alarm among his many warm-hearted friends here.

As it was customary on such occasions, the pupils at the institution were given a grand Christmas dinner, to the good things of which they must have done ample justice, as it must be recollected that it is only at very long intervals when they can indulge in such

a good festival. After dinner they were assembled in the chapel to hear an address, which was delivered to them by one of the several directors present, and was interpreted to them in signs by the principal, commemorative of such an event, and at its conclusion, after each pupil was presented with an appropriate gift, as they filed out of the chapel and the rest of the day was given up to them to visiting their friends and to general merry-making, which chance they embraced enormously.

In the afternoon many of the former pupils visited the institution to gratify an enjoyment of the annual return of such a day and to renew old acquaintances, almost forgotten among themselves. I trust that they spent that time profitably, as they were loth to dismiss for their respective homes, which was not done till a late hour in the evening.

#### A SELECT PARTY.

Another event of that day was a select party given in the evening at the residence of Mr. Wm. McKinny at 1345 South Seventeenth street, and at which several gay young couples were present to honor the occasion with their merry presence, and to indulge in various amusements and tricks always appropriate on such an event, and finally to fall to work later in the evening in destroying the good things both eatable and drinkable on the table, under the load of which it must have been groaning; but it must have felt itself at once relieved after the good things had vanished down so many hungry throats. As your correspondent was not honored with an invitation to be present, it is out of his power to give a correct list of those who participated in that pleasant affair; but it is sufficient to say that the party passed off as merry as a "marriage bell."

#### WHO GOT SPLICED.

Still another noticeable event, a few evenings later, was the marriage solemnized on Friday evening, December 27th, at the residence of the officiating clergyman, Rev. H. W. Syle, between Mr. Daniel Bentzel and Miss Amanda Lehr, both deaf-mutes and graduates of our institution, and from York, Pa. They had been visiting here a few days before they mutually consented to take the marriage yoke upon their shoulders. We all wished them a pleasant and prosperous journey through the sphere of their new responsibilities.

#### OUR PASTOR.

On account of his failing health, and by the advice of some of the best doctors here, a leave of absence for a few months has been granted to our beloved pastor, H. W. Syle, by the Superintendent of the United States Mint, so that he may obtain time to rest and recuperate his health, both physically and mentally. His numerous duties, having been such a constant demand upon his time, both as a clergyman administering to the spiritual welfare of this mute community and as a clerk in the mint, have of late been a severe task upon his body and mind. For about one month past he has quite ceased from work of any kind, and has been under medical care at a private hospital, where he had the advantage of some of the best medical experience. But on Saturday last he left the hospital much improved, as he has decided upon spending the rest of his time among some of his friends in Virginia. I trust that his case shall be only a temporary one, and that after a few months' recuperation he will come among us again with his mental and physical health fully recovered. So, in the mean time, our religious services, feeling the loss of Mr. Syle's valuable experience and usefulness, will go on as usual, as arrangements have been, and will be hereafter, made with various parties to officiate during his absence.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

On Sunday afternoon, December 29th, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet unexpectedly made his appearance in the pulpit of St. Stephen's Church and announced that he would conduct services in Rev. Syle's place for that time, saying that on account of the state of the latter's health, which had rendered a temporary cessation from work quite necessary, he (Gallaudet), feeling that something must be the matter here, had come down to see what it could be. So the audience, which was a large one on that occasion, was, for the first time, apprized of the fact that their beloved pastor was not among them and could not be for a time to come.

On Sunday afternoon following (January 5th), in accordance with a previous notice from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rev. Job Turner, who was then contemplating going on an extensive ministerial tour on behalf of the deaf-mutes in the Southern States in company with Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, officiated at that time. We were all charmed with his splendid system of delivering his discourses in such graceful and comprehensible sign-language. It was enough to hold us spell-bound, for there was something irresistible and impressive in his peculiar system of delivery. We shall all look anxiously for another such good discourse from him whenever he has occasion to be in our midst again. I understood that on Tuesday, January 7th, he left for the South with Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who will be gone with him for about six weeks.

Mr. Henry S. Stevenson acted as a lay-reader for the benefit of the congregation present on Sunday afternoon, January 12th, but out of necessity that service was short. Although that was his first appearance in such a capacity, he conducted himself meritoriously.

On Sunday, January 19th, Rev. John

Chamberlain, of New York, in compliance with a prior appointment, administered the sacraments to the mute communicants in the morning, and officiated at the afternoon service. His sermon on "Let there be light" was an able and interesting one, and was full of many beautiful impressions.

#### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New Year's was well observed here, but nothing worthy of note happened, except that another social party was had on the evening preceding that day at the house of Mr. Wm. McKinny's speaking brother, up town, and was attended by about the same number of persons as at the first party.

As the new year has now come upon us, it is an appropriate time to break off bad habits and to make new resolutions for our life in the future. If any are made, let us stick to them with determined courage and perseverance, and then, in the long run, no one will be more surprised at the result than the person himself who made them and meant to stand by them.

#### A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

On Wednesday evening, January 8th, notwithstanding the inclement weather, a large number of mute ladies and gentlemen, in compliance with invitations previously given out, assembled at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Bayne at 1519 Clarion street, preparatory to having a pleasant evening in store for an unsuspecting couple who were to be their victims for the evening. At the appointed time they proceeded therefrom, with baskets and packages well filled with many good things, to the house of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Stevenson at No. 1611 in the same street, and completely took possession of their house by surprise. The unsuspecting couple, being taken by surprise at the entrance of such a large number of their friends without so much as to say "with your leave," were puzzled for the moment as to what purpose it could mean; but on observing the baskets and packages some were carrying, and the comical costumes some were dressed in, they at once came to the conclusion that it must mean a party gotten up purposely to surprise them. They were informed that it was so, but especially so in honor of their hostess' birthday. The company having tendered their congratulations on living to see another pleasant event in her life come around again, and wishing her many more happy returns of the same, Mrs. Stevenson was so much at a loss to know who three of the ladies, dressed in such comical costumes, could be, when their turns came to congratulate her, that your correspondent at last introduced them to her as some of his eccentric old relations, respectively as follows: the oldest as his old "Aunt Peggy," the second, as his aged grandmama, "Mrs. Betsey Jones," and the last as his sweetheart, "Miss Dolly Varden." This introduction was enough to create a roar of laughter around the merry crowd. But Mrs. Stevenson, thinking this explanation was not satisfactory, was bound to find out who those mysterious persons were, and at last she had the satisfaction of recognizing in that old "Aunt Peggy," a speaking lady, a Mrs. Hawkins, a daughter of our old friend, Mrs. Paulin, in that aged grandmama, old "Mrs. Betsey Jones," a young mute lady named Miss E. Robinson, and in that "Miss Dolly Varden," Miss Robinson's speaking sister, Kate. The evening was spent profitably in various amusements and tricks, some of the latter, as were imposed upon some of the unsuspecting victims, were rather dangerous and ought not to have been indulged in. A while later fancy cakes and lemonade, together with fruits, were distributed among the crowd as a collation. Midnight approaching, your correspondent, being aware of how forgetful some persons were of the speedy flight of the time on such gay occasions, saw an extinguished candle sticking in its stick on the table, seized and lighted it, and then carried it high over his head in one hand, spelling out with the fingers of the other the words "Good Night," a hint of which they took notice and began to get ready to leave for their respective homes. So, at a later hour, ended a never-to-be-forgotten party, as out in the rain they proceeded homeward, some by the street cars and some, their homes being near, on foot; but I know of a young fellow, whose height was of a diminutive stature, and whose features were of the Jewish persuasion, the traditional nose being of such prominence, had, through courtesy, to escort two young ladies to their home in a different direction from his own, and, as that occupied a good deal of his time, and being anxious to be in time to catch the last car on his direct way, he hurriedly left them at their door and made double quick time for his street car route. But when he reached there and waited some time for one to put in an appearance, which was never done, he had to take it heavily for his disappointment, as his pair of short legs were now the only means attainable as a conveyance homeward for a weary body and a sleepy head, and in such an inclement weather as it was at that time. Seeing no other alternative, he boldly decided to brave his way home on foot, which he, no doubt, did in splendid style, and at last reached his parental roof, but not without getting a good soaking from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. I shall not be astonished if he should determine not to be bothered with escorting any more girls home in such kind of weather hereafter.

I shall now try to give you a correct list of the names of those who were present at that party. They are as follows: Mrs. M. C. Vancourt, Mrs. M. A. Paulin, Mrs. Wm. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. T. Bayne; Misses G. Ste-

venson, E. L. Parker, D. Hart, S. McKinney, E. Robinson, and her sister, Kate, M. Hammell, C. Biery, E. Weaver, M. Smith, — Jacobs, and — Chambers; Messrs. Wm. E. Guss, J. A. Roop, Wm. McKinney, C. H. Stevenson, G. Slifer, J. C. Stubbs, and S. Bacharach.

#### THE LATE WILLIAM WELSH.

On Monday evening, the 13th ult., at Association Hall, Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, Mr. James J. Barclay, for many years the Secretary of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and a philanthropist well known throughout this city and State, delivered an interesting address commemorative of the late William Welsh, who, at the time of his death, held the office of one of the vice-presidents of that institution, and was the chairman of the committee on building the new additional edifices to the same. It was especially due to his energy and perseverance that those splendid buildings were brought to a successful completion. The large, nice hall was crowded with many ladies and gentlemen. The pupils from the institution, over three hundred in number, occupying the body of the auditorium on that occasion. On the stage was noticed a number of prominent citizens among whom might be mentioned General Robert Patterson, ex-Mayor D. M. Fox, John Welsh, Jr., S. Weir Lewis, Charles Wheeler, Stephen H. Brooke, James S. Biddle, A. J. Derbyshire, Dr. Hays, and many of the directors of, or those who take an active interest in our institution.

Mr. Barclay, upon being introduced to the audience by Chief Justice George W. Sharswood, the president of our institution, commenced his address by giving a sketch of the life of Mr. Welsh, in which he referred to the fact that that gentleman had intended to devote himself to the practice of medicine, but, his health, failing after he had completed his studies, he was compelled to go abroad for a time. Having regained his usual health, he returned home and at once entered upon a mercantile career, with what success the public are already familiar. For many years he was in mercantile business with his brother, Samuel, and their house is well known throughout the country for its honest dealing, solid success, and reliable firmness. Although, said Mr. Barclay, his life was active, he still found time for useful work in other channels, and was always associated with some undertaking that promised to better the condition of his fellow-men. Whether laboring for the church, providing for the poor and afflicted, protecting and endeavoring to Christianize the savages, or combating with what he believed to be wrong and hurtful in politics, he was always earnest, honest, and determined. He was a man who set great value on his time, whether he was engaged at his calling or not, and considered that every moment idly wasted was money thrown away. In many respects he was a man valuable as an example for the young to follow. His brother, John, is now holding the responsible position of United States Minister to Great Britain, and is an honor to his countrymen. Mr. Barclay's speech was listened to attentively throughout, his remarks being interpreted in sign-language for the benefit of the pupils and many mute ladies and gentlemen present by Joshua Foster, Esq., the principal of the institution, and at the close of his address Mr. Barclay was congratulated by the gentlemen on the platform and with general applause from the audience. The oration occupied about one hour in its delivery, and was delivered early in the evening so that the pupils might have time to keep themselves wide awake.

#### DEATH OF DR. JOHN B. BIDDLE.

The graduates of our institution, and all who knew him, will, no doubt, notice with great regret the announcement of the decease of the above-named and excellent gentleman, who died at his residence at about 8 o'clock on Sunday evening of last week, of pneumonia and pleurisy, after a short illness. He will be remembered as a regular attending physician at the institution, a situation he has held for a number of years. Besides that, he was the physician to Girard College, and was a professor of Materia Medica in the Jefferson Medical College. He was highly respected and connected. His funeral, which took place last Thursday from St. Stephen's (P. E. Church), of which the deceased was a member, was largely attended. Rev. Dr. Ridder, assisted by other clergymen, conducted the services.

#### APPOINTED A DIRECTOR.

At the annual meeting of the Contributors of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes Rev. Dr. William Ridder, rector of St. Stephen's Church, the church in which the deaf-mutes here are given the privilege of holding their religious services every Sunday afternoon, was appointed to fill a vacancy in the Board of Directors for the same. We are glad to have him there at last, for he always takes much interest in the welfare of our institution and of our deaf-mute mission.

#### A NOVEL RAT TRAP.

An incident, of which your correspondent was an eye-witness, occurred at a place where he was formerly boarding in company with a deaf-mute gentleman, whom some nicknamed "Big Tom" to distinguish him from his intimate associate, who goes by the name of "Little Tom," as both of their first names are Thomas. One day, about two years ago, as we, two boarders, were waiting in the dining room for our usual good dinner, and as the cook was preparing to give the various victuals and vegetables a last finishing touch at the range, down

came, most unexpectedly to all, a large rat, which must have, while rambling about under the ceiling of the kitchen just over where the range was placed, tumbled upon a weak spot, which must have been used at some previous time for a stove-pipe hole, and over which a muslin rag had been pasted, and was from repeated white-washing unperceived from the rest of the ceiling, and the rag, being unable to bear the weight of the rat, at once gave way, opening downwards like a trap-door, and thus precipitated the rat down first upon the sheet-iron top of the range and then down on the floor, where he made a lively race for an escape; but all the egresses were closed, except the door leading into the dining-room, in which he at once beat a retreat, creating the greatest excitement among some of the boarders, who had by that time taken their places at the table. Around and around the room the animal ran with the greatest speed, avoiding with the most remarkable dexterity every kick and stamp aimed to kill it. In the meantime the landlady and Hetty, the cook, in great consternation and confusion, beat hasty retreats into the parlor, where they patiently waited for the fate of the little creature, while a cowardly boarder, an old clerk, gray in years, but strong and healthy in body, sprang from the table, where he was sitting, upon the bottom of his chair, and stood there upright with his hands stuck in his pantaloons pockets, and, ghost-like, anxiously watching every movement of the rat, which, at last, being brought to bay in a corner of the room under a table by a quick movement of one of "Big Tom's" legs, from which there was no means for it to escape except one way, which the rat was not slow to take advantage of, for at the next moment, quick as lightning, it ran up under one of his pantaloons legs, but, unfortunately for the poor rat, for it was at once seized half way up there by him in a vice-like grasp, and was strangled to death a few minutes after it had ran into such a novel trap. But, after all the endeavors to kill it, while running about the room, we all agreed that that was the best trap to have caught it in. Then we all fell to work eating our dinner, indulging in fits of hearty laughter over the women's hasty escapes, and heaping reproaches upon the head of the old clerk for his groundless timidity in taking a defence upon his chair, and praised "Big Tom's" unexpected exploit.

#### MISTAKES CORRECTED.

In the appearance of my last correspondence, in the issue of January 2d, the printer made it to say "care of Joshua Fortescue, Esq.," instead of Joshua Foster, Esq., as it should be, and the name of John "Schutz" should be spelled John "Scheetz."

#### OCCASIONAL.

#### ANOTHER WEDDING, AND OTHER NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you be kind enough to allow me space in your valuable paper for the benefit of some of your readers of Pennsylvania.

On the 27th of December Mr. Daniel Bentzel was united in holy matrimony to Miss Amanda Lehr, both of York, Pa., and the ceremony was performed by Rev. H. W. Syle in Philadelphia. I cannot write all the particulars of the ceremony as I was not present. The bride was attired in a handsome dress, and the bridegroom is a fine-looking man. They have our wishes for their happy and successful welfare in their new life.

I was requested to write about Mr. John Lehr's accident. He met with a serious accident. He was standing under the hatchway while some material was being hoisted and, as it was being received on the upper floor, a block slipped off and struck him on the head. He fell insensible, and the employees thought him dead. Immediately he was removed to his home, in a wagon belonging to the proprietor of the car works. He is confined to the house at this time, but there is hope of his recovery. He is a mute, an employee of the car works and he was formerly a shoemaker by trade.

George E. Kohler came near being drowned. He broke through the ice while skating, and Mr. Allons rescued him.

Yours respectfully,  
G. E. K.

York, Pa., Jan. 24, 1879.

#### NEWS FROM KENTUCKY.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Jan. 22, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am willing to give you some news of the deaf-mutes. In a fight at Shelbyville, Ind., between Dick Ryse and Peter McCrea, a deaf-mute, the latter was struck upon his head with a heavy rail, and dangerously wounded. Dick Ryse was arrested by the sheriff. Barren Coky, a deaf-mute man, spilled two ladies out of a spring wagon, breaking the ribs of one, and drove one and a half miles before he missed ed them.

Wm. Ellis, a deaf-mute man, fell from his wagon at Bay City, Mich., and broke his neck.

Mr. Corlis S. Fitch, a deaf-mute, keeps a post-office at Poplar Flats, Lewis county, Ky.

Mr. A. Falarra, of Hoping county, Ky., can jump 18 feet. He used to jump from 16 to 18 feet at school.

Mr. G. Surber, of Lincoln county, Ky., can climb tall trees rapidly like a squirrel. He said he used to climb trees to catch many young squirrels, coons, and some young wild cats.

Yours truly,  
JOSEPH A. MACADAMS.

Take the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for 1879.



